Jealous? by PuffyPhantom

Fandoms: Danny Phantom

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Summary:

Jealousy has made the rounds at Casper High.

Or has it?

Notes:

Just a silly little self-indulgent fic to wrap up the year.
Inspired by a short convo I had with @thylacina on tumblr a while back.

Happy New Year!!

Work Text:

Remaining where he was seated on the bench, Danny watched Gregor walk out of the locker room, still holding his cheek where Gregor had just kissed him. He stayed like that for a second longer before letting his hand fall to his lap, slumping his shoulders with a frown.

It was bad enough that Gregor was obviously a spy in cahoots with the Guys in White, but now he wanted to get with one of his best friends, too? And to think that even Tucker had fallen for his lame charms…

But Danny knew what Gregor was really up to. He wasn't trying to steal his friends away from him. He was sure Gregor was only intending to get and stay on their good side so that he could pull some information out of them—information that would reveal to the Guys in White what, or rather, *who* he really is.

Hoisting his backpack onto his shoulder, Danny stood up from the bench and trudged back to his locker, sighing. He only hoped that he could still trust his friends to keep his secret under lock and key. But it was upsetting that they apparently couldn't see what was laid out right in front of them. Especially Sam. And it hurt even more that they both chalked it up to him simply being jealous of Gregor.

"There's gotta be something I can do to expose him," Danny muttered.

"You know, I've noticed you have a peculiar habit of talking to yourself often."

Gasping, Danny turned around to see Vlad in his ghost form sitting crossed legged on the bench. He put on a wry smile.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Did I startle you?"

Danny crossed his arms. "What are you doing here, Vlad?"

"Ah, well, you see, I was merely flying by when I noticed that I was

passing over your school, and so I thought—why not pay my favorite little half-ghost a visit since I'm already here?"

"Right." Danny narrowed his eyes at him. "If that's true, then I wish you would've waited until next period to show up. At least then you could've helped me with math."

"Tsk, tsk. That would be cheating, my dear boy. Terribly dishonest behavior."

Danny rolled his eyes. "Yeah, I'm sure you know all about that."

"Besides, if I did wait," Vlad continued. "I might've missed seeing you model that uniform you're wearing at the moment," he said, holding his chin as he narrowed his gaze, still smiling.

"Huh?" Danny looked down at his white tee and red shorts, then looked back up at Vlad with an annoyed stare. "These are just my gym clothes, you weirdo."

Vlad hummed, keeping his eyes on Danny. "Red is a very good color on you, by the way."

Danny fidgeted, suddenly feeling a lot barer than he actually was. "Uh, yeah, okay, whatever. Anyway, can you leave? I appreciate the visit, but I really don't have time for this right now."

"Oh? What's the rush?"

"Uh, hello? You got me in the middle of P.E. I'm supposed to be outside sweating buckets and running out of breath right about now."

"Is that right? Are you sure you're not trying to leave so you can chase down that boy who was in here just a minute ago?"

"Gregor? You saw him?" Danny uncrossed his arm, squinting his eyes at Vlad. "Wait. How long have you been spying on me?"

"Long enough to see this 'Gregor' fellow get a little *too* friendly with you."

"*What?* Woah. Okay, hold on. It's not what you think—"

"Really, Daniel, even at fourteen I thought you would have learned how to behave with at least some decorum by now. And if you wanted a break from our relationship, all you needed to do was ask."

"Wait, *what*? What relationship? We're not in a relationship! You and I are just—um… I don't really know, okay? But you've got it all wrong if you think there's anything going on between me and that guy!" Danny protested heatedly, pointing towards the direction of the locker room exit.

"I don't know, little badger. Those fleeting kisses that he planted on your cheeks tell me otherwise."

Danny's face flushed. "That's not—Oh, whatever! I need to go." He hastily opened his locker and stuffed his backpack inside when a fleeting thought suddenly hit him. He turned around to face Vlad again. "Wait. Are you jealous?"

Vlad lifted a brow. "Me? Jealous?" He chuckled. "Of course not."

Danny simply stared at him for a second before letting out a giggle of his own. "Oh yeah. You're totally jealous."

"If you're truly uninterested in him, then what is there to be jealous of?"

Danny closed the door to his locker, allowing himself a smug smile. Maybe he didn't need to expose Gregor. Maybe all he had to do was get Gregor out of his hair. And maybe a certain jealous half-ghost could help him do just that.

A good scare should be more than enough, and Danny knew just how scary Vlad could get. He'd have to supervise to make sure things didn't get too ugly. But if his plan was a success, then maybe even the Guys in White would think twice before stepping another foot in Amity Park again after Gregor relays his encounter to them.

Danny leaned against the locker. "Well, actually, thinking about it now, maybe I should be chasing Gregor down instead of trying to

figure out whatever is, uh, going on between us," he said, trying to sound as convincing as possible.

Vlad stared at him, and his serious expression only spurred Danny on.

"He *is* a lot younger than you. Maybe a year older than I am, I think. It'd probably be better if I was with someone around my own age, anyway. And I don't have to go very far to meet up with him whenever I want to. Plus, I don't really have a choice *but* to see him every day here at school. Oh, and he's an exchange student from a foreign country, by the way. Hungary. Kinda interesting, don'tcha think?"

Vlad remained stiff, stone-faced, and quiet with his arms and legs firmly crossed. Danny couldn't help but keep smirking. He had it made.

But his moment of triumph was short lived. Danny watched Vlad's lips slowly curl into a condescending smirk that Danny was all too familiar with. "Oh, aren't you adorable?" he mocked before getting up from his seat and walking up to Danny.

"Huh?" Danny shifted backwards as Vlad closed the space between them, forcing his back flat against the lockers.

"Perhaps if you actually had any interest in either of those things that you listed then I may have admitted to feeling somewhat troubled," Vlad said, smiling wickedly as he stared down at him with his crimson eyes.

And it was in that very instant that Danny knew his plan had blown up right in his face. "Then why did you accuse me of wanting anything to do with him?" he argued.

"Oh, Daniel," Vlad breathed out. "Teasing you has always been far too easy and endlessly entertaining."

"Right. I should've guessed that you were just messing around with me again," Danny muttered and put a hand up to Vlad's chest in a futile effort to push him away.

Vlad took Danny's arm by the wrist, moving to carefully pin it to the locker above his head with his gentle but firm grip. He leaned down and held the side of his face against Danny's. "Besides, if anything, that gentleman should be jealous of *me*. Where he can only kiss you on your cheek, I know you'll let me do so much more," he said, finishing the last words in a whisper.

Danny squirmed against him, turning his head away. Heat steadily crawled up his neck as Vlad nuzzled his nose against his hair, and he felt Vlad's other hand slide up his leg, caressing his skin as he pushed the leg hole of his shorts upwards. Danny used his free hand to again pointlessly push against Vlad's broad chest. "Okay, whatever. You're getting way too carried away by all this, you soggy old fruit loop. Can you let me go now before I get detention for skipping class?"

"It's endearing, really. How you keep denying it. But I suppose I can't blame you when you're still much too young to fully understand," Vlad continued in his deep and low tone, tantalizingly moving his large hand further up to cup Danny through his shorts and force a quiet whimper out of him. "And I must say, that only makes it all that much better for me."

"What are you even saying?" Danny asked, his mind going cloudy as Vlad continued to palm his dick through his shorts while he spoke.

"Though I must confess that I am a tad bit peeved at that young man for having seen you in these clothes."

"Huh?" Danny inhaled sharply as Vlad trailed his hand from his clothed dick to his stomach, sliding his cold glove up underneath his shirt and making him shiver. He'd barely registered the sudden change in topic. "I told you. This is just my P.E. unform. You're the one who's making it seem like something perverted."

He clenched his eyes shut and bit his lip as Vlad teased one of his nipples, pinching and rolling it to hardness. And Danny didn't have to look down to know that his dick was straining against his shorts.

"Perhaps. But they are quite revealing, aren't they?" Vlad asked,

removing his hand from underneath Danny's shirt to go back and cup his now obvious erection through his shorts as if to emphasize his words. Danny's body automatically jerked in response. He grabbed a fistful of Vlad's cape, stifling a moan as Vlad rubbed the head of his dick over his clothes with his thumb. "And I do think your little admirer wouldn't mind seeing you like *this*, either."

"He's *not* my admirer," Danny hissed, sounding as stern as he could. But he couldn't stop his voice from wavering when Vlad suddenly phased his shorts and briefs off of him, letting them fall to the floor. The sudden exposure to the cold air around them made Danny tremble. He panicked. "Hey! Seriously—Quit it! What if someone comes in?"

Vlad then grabbed Danny by his face, forcing him to look up and meet his eyes. Another nefarious smile took hold of Vlad's lips, and it remained there as Vlad transformed into his human half. "You really are adorable."

Caught in Vlad's grasp, Danny scowled, cheeks flushed in anger, embarrassment, and confusion.

"Has this 'exchange student' been preoccupying your mind so much that you've forgotten?" Vlad let go of Danny's face, and Danny caught a glimpse of something pink and glistening in Vlad's hand. But before he could form another thought, Vlad then moved that same large hand below and began to masturbate him. "Or could it be that you simply don't want to escape?"

"Ah—" Vlad's last words were lost in the pleasure-filled haze that quickly clouded Danny's consciousness as he automatically bucked into Vlad's slick hand, stimulated by his skilled movements that easily overpowered his body and mind.

It wasn't the first time Vlad had touched him. And it wasn't the first time Danny had tried to stop him either. But it seemed like no matter how many times Vlad had managed to have his way with Danny, Vlad never failed to turn him into a hormonal hot mess filled with profound arousal—arousal that only Vlad could likewise tame.

“Vlad,” Danny said breathlessly. He grabbed Vlad’s arm as his ability to think straight continued to wane. The concern for the unrestricted locker room was all but forgotten, and the space was instead filled with Danny’s stifled moans and the slick sounds of Vlad pumping his dick, interchanging between fast and slow strokes that had Danny breathing heavy and twitching uncontrollably. “Vlad,” he repeated, sounding so desperate that he hardly recognized his voice.

“Truly adorable,” Vlad replied quietly as if talking to himself. He let go of Danny’s pinned hand to lift Danny’s head and leaned down for a deep, uninhibited kiss.

Danny moaned into the kiss, reaching for Vlad and holding on to him as he was expertly worked into his orgasm. His hips bucked, and he broke the kiss off with another moan. His sweaty forehead landed on Vlad’s chest. Within the next second, he shamelessly came into Vlad’s hand.

Time seemed to have stopped while they both held each other. Panting and slightly dizzy, Danny relaxed into Vlad’s body and watched with lidded eyes as Vlad wiped away the messy aftermath with his handkerchief. Then, he set the cloth ablaze, making it disappear like a typical magic trick. Danny felt a kiss land on the top of his head before Vlad moved away, picking up Danny’s shorts and briefs and offering them to him.

“Sweating and out of breath, was it? I think now you’ll be able to convince your teacher that you hadn’t missed out on any, should I say, *intensive activities*,” Vlad said with a smile.

And just like that, Danny’s post-orgasmic bliss was rudely cut short. He glared at Vlad, yanking his clothes from him. “You’re insane,” he muttered with all the rage he could gather as he redressed, both in appearance and attitude. “I can’t believe you. Doing that kinda… *stuff* is one thing, but doing it at school? Are you kidding me? What if someone had seen us?”

“But no one did see us. Ergo, no harm, no foul.”

“This isn’t funny, Vlad.”

“I’m not laughing. Are you?”

Danny growled in frustration.

“Calm down, little badger. There was nothing to worry about. I had a clone keep watch during the entire thing.”

Danny glowered at Vlad, unsure if he wanted to punch him or yell at him. Or both. At the same time.

“And, you know,” Vlad said slowly, clasping his hands behind his back as he looked completely full of himself. “You could’ve phased out of my grasp whenever you wanted.”

Danny’s eyes went wide, and his embarrassment from earlier made a swift and unwelcomed comeback.

Vlad was right. He could have. It’s not like he got his ghost powers yesterday and didn’t know how to use them. He could’ve easily gone intangible and left. But he didn’t. He didn’t…

Danny’s cheeks burned.

The bell rang, startling Danny.

“Oh, it looks like visitation hours are over. What a shame,” Vlad said. He stepped forward, leaning into Danny’s ear. “If you’d like an encore of today’s events, or maybe even something more, you know where to find me,” he murmured and kissed Danny’s hot cheek.

“Oh, hey, Danny!”

Danny stumbled against the lockers, and Vlad stood up straight, both looking towards the direction of the exit.

Gregor walked up to them, looking confused at Vlad. “Ah, hello, Mr…?”

“Masters,” Vlad answered politely.

“Ah. Nice to meet you, Mr. Masters. I’m Gregor,” Gregor said, holding out his hand.

Vlad glanced at Danny, sharing a not so innocent looking smile with him before turning his attention back to Gregor. “A pleasure,” Vlad said, shaking Gregor’s hand. “Well, if you boys will excuse me, I must be off.” He looked at Danny again, still smiling. “Until next time, Danny.”

Danny stood paralyzed where he was, watching Vlad as he exited the locker room. The tap of his shoes against the floor sounded unbearably loud in his ears.

“The angry gym teacher was wondering why you weren’t outside,” Gregor said, bringing Danny’s attention back to him. “So she sent me to look for you. But she said if I didn’t find you before the bell rang then you would get detention.” He shrugged. “Sorry.”

“Oh, um, that's okay. Thanks for the heads up.”

“Not a problem. Hey, who was that guy anyway?” Gregor asked, pointing his thumb towards the exit.

Danny stiffened up again. “Huh? Oh, Vla—I mean, Mr. Masters? He’s, um—he’s a good friend of my dad’s. He, uh… he brings me lunch sometimes.”

“Oh. Is he also from Hungary?”

Horrified, Danny's mouth went slack. *Of course* Gregor had seen Vlad kiss him on the cheek. That was probably Vlad's plan all along. Danny wondered if it was possible to kill Vlad more than once. “Oh! Yeah, he is! Uh, he moved here when he was younger though, so that’s why he doesn’t have an accent anymore.”

“Interesting. He seems like a nice guy.”

“Yep. He sure is,” Danny agreed through gritted teeth and a forced smile.

“Anyway, I should go now. Sam must be waiting for me.” Gregor looked down at Danny’s shorts, furrowing his brows.

Danny shifted. "Uh—"

Gregor smiled at him and pointed at his shorts. “I think your shorts are on inside out.”

Danny looked down, noticing the seam. “Oh, heh, whoops! I don’t know I could’ve missed that. Thanks.”

“You're welcome. Ah, and red is a good color on you, by the way. Not sure if anyone has told you that yet.” Gregor waved a hand at Danny as he turned to leave. “See you later!”

Danny relaxed his shoulders and let out a deep sigh once Gregor was out of view. He slumped his tired body against the lockers, sliding down until he was sitting on the floor. He sighed once more.

It looked like imaginary jealousy, ghost hunters, and detention were going to be the least of his problems.